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# SEATTLE WEEKLY PROMOTIONS



## WIN TICKETS TO KANYE WEST!

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October 26th - 8pm @ Showbox at the Market  
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October 21 - 7pm @ Showbox Sodo  
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October 25th & 26th @ WaMu Theatre  
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## WIN FREE TICKETS TO WALK THE MOON!

October 23rd - 7pm @ Showbox Sodo  
Hot on the heels of their massive summer hit "Anna Sun" they hit the Showbox stage and after this performance will leave the audience with a band crush of their own. Guaranteed. Smallpools will be joining the group to kick off the night of pure indie pop.

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## ROBBER'S REVENGE

» FROM PAGE 12

seen so much money before." But it went fast: expensive clothes, nice dinner, buying rounds for the college girls at Igou's Pub in Lincoln. "It was gone in two months, and you know, I didn't buy one thing of consequence, not even a car."

On it went, three more robberies, all choreographed by Hopwood: a \$10,000 bank heist in Hallow (pop. 276) in December '97, \$20,000 more in February '98 in Grohman (pop. 270); and two months later, a \$25,000 payout in Peru (pop. 569)—each committed with a friend named Craig, a roommate of Hopwood's in Lincoln. Craig had a tough childhood. Tossed out of the Catholic high school, he'd done a stint at Father Flanagan's Boys Town. He was sleeping out of his car when Hopwood brought him into the apartment.

(Tom was involved in only the first robbery, and served 4½ years in prison. He wanted to give back to the community of the Petersburg robbery, but Hopwood said no. He was arrested 18 months after the crime while taking a college class as a criminal-justice major, and now runs a pool-cleaning business in Arizona. For obvious reasons, Hopwood will not disclose his last name—not

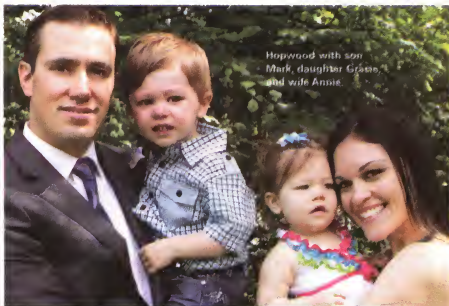
out Craig had told a buddy about the robberies, and the friend had snitched. Police also found Hopwood's palm print on one of the getaway cars.

"I told them everything," says Hopwood. "In some ways it was a relief to have it over with. I knew I was walking a tightrope. I don't know, but I don't think I'd have done another one, because we'd made so much money on the last one."

Of his quick confession to five armed robberies, Jack Klosterman says, "It was the first time in his life that Shon had come completely clean on anything."

Compliments of the Justice Prisoner and Alien Transportation System, otherwise known as Con Air, a shackled Hopwood touched down on a back strip at O'Hare, far from the terminal, in May 1999, a month after Judge Kopf had meted out a sentence of 147 months. After the sentencing, Hopwood's mother Becky, in the courtroom that April morning, whispered to him, "You're a good boy, Shon, and God will protect you. Remember that."

In a bus packed with other prisoners, Hopwood was driven to Pekin, a medium-high-security prison with 1,400 inmates. It houses its share of murderers, rapists, and child molesters, Hopwood says. It's an eight-hour drive from David City, but it may as well have been a planet away from the 4,000 head of cattle Mark Hopwood was looking after at Grass Valley Farms. With its low-slung modern



Hopwood with son, daughter Grace, and wife Anne.

to this reporter, nor in the book he co-wrote with Dennis Burke in 2012, *Law Man: My Story of Robbing Banks, Winning Supreme Court Cases, and Finding Redemption*.

"I knew it was incredibly wrong," says Hopwood. "Afterwards, when the robberies were done, I used a lot of drugs and booze, sometimes even cocaine, just so I could stop thinking about it."

The party ended on July 2, 1998. Hopwood had rented a room at the DoubleTree in Omaha. He'd been there two weeks, drinking and carousing with Craig, Craig's younger brother Cody, and Hopwood's kid brother Brett, all of whom had helped rob a bank in Pilger, Nebraska (pop. 378), a month before. It was one big celebration at the DoubleTree, and why not? "We hit the jackpot with that one," Hopwood recounts. "We got \$125,000 out of it." That July afternoon, Hopwood walked into the lobby looking for Brett. Four men were sitting there, all wearing suits and ties. It didn't look right. "One of them asks, 'Are you Shon Hopwood?'" I said yeah. Then they jumped up and tackled me to the ground. They were all with the FBI. "Turns

buildings, one might mistake Pekin for a business park. Of course, when greeted at the gate by a party of shotgun- and assault weapon-wielding guards, as Hopwood was, impressions quickly change.

"It's total apprehension in the beginning," Hopwood reflects. "The noise of those electronic doors locking, I can still hear. It makes me sick to hear that sound." Seated at a small conference table inside the UW law school, he continues, "It's figuring out how to do the time without getting into a train wreck. There're cliques, racial tensions, gangs. It's about 70 percent black."

"You learn soon that it is your mouth, it's drugs and alcohol, or sex or gambling—those are the things that can get you in trouble; that you got to stay away from, and then maybe you'll make it. In the beginning, though, I did do marijuana, because, I mean, the light at the end of the tunnel was so dim. I didn't have much hope. You've seen the movie *Groundhog Day*? Well, every day is Groundhog Day."

Hopwood writes in *Law Man*:  
"This was the middle of May 1999. The Kosovo War was underway. George Bush was governor of

» CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

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## ROBBER'S REVENGE

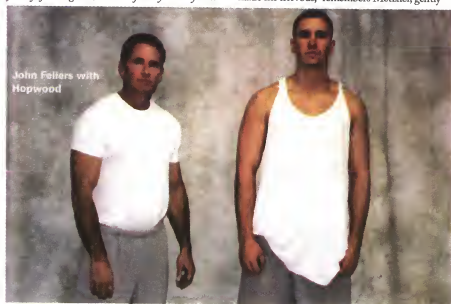
» FROM PAGE 15

*Town. The Twin Towers were still standing. The Backstreet Boys released their Millennium album. Star Wars, The Phantom Menace came out, as did Windows 98, second edition. Google was getting its first major financing and Mark Zuckerberg turned sixteen. For me a lot of things would freeze at this time. I would barely touch a computer again for ten years. It is beyond strange to be in such a place and feel your life freezing over, like a sci-fi story where you lie*

and concerned residents of close-knit David City. "I wrote him just to tell that the Lord has better days for you," recalls Jack Kaufmann, a retired David City doctor.

Hopwood had seen Ann Metzner around town as a kid. She was a cheerleader at the Catholic high school, a cross-country runner, and an actress in school plays and musicals who'd go on to get a degree at Creighton University. She was Hopwood's dream girl, but, he figured, totally unattainable. Metzner had her eye on Hopwood as well—tall and handsome with a wry sense of humor.

"I had a crush on him, but I didn't tell him. He made me nervous," remembers Metzner, gently



John Fellers with Hopwood

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down in your rack, not to return until everyone you know is old."

Prison life all blurred together for Hopwood—the cigarette smoke and yellow lighting, men playing cards and dominos in the day room, the cuning and fighting, lifting weights at 6:30 a.m., the boredom, the Friday-night nachos, the phone calls monitored, every letter read, the visitations videotaped—and always, the ever-present danger.

He can still recall, too, the outrage that consumed him when he watched in horror as many of his fellow prisoners cheered when the towers fell on 9/11. "They were glad that the federal government was getting attacked, because it was the government that put them in jail."

Heartbreaking news from the home front also came a-calling. One month after the electronic doors closed behind him, Hopwood learned from his brother Brett, who was then settling into another prison for his role in the Pilger heist, that someone had painted over the "Welcome to David City" sign to read: "Home of the Hopwood Crime Family."

Much later, the year before his release, he'd get a call from his mother that his father had died. He was not allowed to attend the funeral.

**T**hank God for the letters. Each one was "like a tiny pardon, a temporary reprieve from my day-to-day surroundings," Hopwood writes. They poured in from family

poking her husband during a recent interview at their Burke Gilman Gardens apartment: "I ran into his mother one day, she goes on, "She told me about the arrests and that he'd been in prison for two years. I got his address and started to write him."

Hopwood couldn't believe his luck, so long had he been smitten by her.

They wrote hundreds of long, thoughtful letters to each other. He could only keep 20 at a time in his cell. If he didn't ship them home, the guards would destroy them.

For years, Metzner battled anorexia. She says she was hospitalized three times in high school. At one point, in her 20s, she weighed little more than 60 pounds. In 2001 she was treated at Miraval, an eating-disorder clinic in

Scottsdale, Arizona. After heading home, her condition vastly improved, she wrote to Hopwood and told him she wanted to come to Pekin for a visit.

"It was the day after Thanksgiving that year. The Cornhuskers were playing Colorado for a shot at the national title when they called me to the visiting room," remembers Hopwood. "It was the only time in my life that I'd left a Cornhusker in the middle. I was nervous, but surprised. I hadn't seen her in eight years."

"So I walked right up to her and kissed her on the mouthing to lose. I was in prison. We visited for hours that Friday."

» CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

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## ROBBER'S REVENGE

» FROM PAGE 16

It wasn't awkward at all. Well sit in silence, and that was OK. I did notice that she had an engaging ring, but when she came back on Saturday, the ring was gone. That day I told Annie, I said, "When I get out, and if you get healthy, I'll marry you. And I meant it."

With a smile, Hopwood confessed, "I will remember the smirks on the guards' faces. They were so jealous. One of the guards, I'm sure, probably had to pay for dates, and here was this beautiful woman."

For Metzner, the thought of waiting another nine years for Hopwood's freedom was daunting. She talked about moving to Pekin, leaving her job as an animal-food researcher and putting out the 550-page catalog for KV Supply, her father's pet-supply company in David City. "I started to feel guilty," said Hopwood. "So I started to push her away. I'd get drunk on prison wine and then I'd call her and tell her about an ex-girlfriend of mine."

"I was devastated, and started dating others," says Metzner.

They eventually broke off her romantic relationship, but remained friends. They continued to write and call each other. There was a bond that could not be broken. When Hopwood's father died, she came to visit. "And I knew then that was it," says Hopwood, tearing up. "She was going to be my life."

**S**hopwood was glad to get out of the kitchen. It is the most dangerous area in Pekin, he says, because there are places there that the guards can't monitor. Checking out books to follow inmates in the law library was a huge relief. From the outset, it nagged at Hopwood that his 12-year, three-month sentence was excessive. "It was a long time, especially for someone never in trouble before."

Like the other prisoners, Hopwood took a hard, long look at the case of *Appendix v. New Jersey*, in which the Supreme Court ruled on June 26, 2000, that judges were wrong to hand down harsher sentences based on facts not proven to a jury or confessed in court. The case lit a fire under Hopwood. Maybe he could get his sentence reduced, he thought, even by a year or two. He wasn't the only one harboring such dreams. Almost overnight, 40 to 50 Pekin inmates began to come to the law library, not just the usual handful.

"That case gave all of us a new hope," recalls Hopwood.

Hopwood began to soak up case law like a sponge. He'd spend leisure hours poring over books like *Federal Habeas Corpus Practice and Procedure*. "I probably read over 4,000 legal opinions while in prison," he says. Prisoners turned to him for legal advice, to write briefs on their behalf, to figure out legal strategies to have their sentences reduced. He started to think of the guys in orange jumpsuits as clients.

Hopwood eventually concluded that the *Appendix* ruling didn't apply to his case. His campaigning for an early release came up short. But what he gained was much more valuable. At last he'd found his calling. He was on his way

to becoming one of the best jailhouse lawyers around: "It was the first time in my life that I had any academic success."

In 2002, fellow Nebraska John Fellers sought Hopwood's help. An easygoing man with a ready smile, Fellers, who'd been a used-car dealer in Lincoln, was at Pekin on a drug rap, looking at a dozen years for trafficking in methamphetamine. Police told him he'd been indicted by a grand jury, and Fellers—who by that time was clean and had no drugs in his possession—mentioned his past involvement with drugs. He never realized his statements would be taken as a confession.

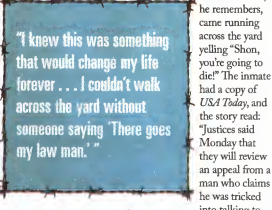
"I felt bad for him," Hopwood wrote in *Lulu Man*, "because I knew a rich guy with a high-level



Seth Waxman and Hopwood

lawyer would be out on his boat right now, not in prison." Early in 2003, after mastering the case, he filed a petition, known as a writ of certiorari, to the Supreme Court, arguing that Fellers had not been read his Miranda rights after being notified of the indictment. That year, the nation's highest court received more than 7,200 petitions from prisoners—and agreed to review just eight of them. One was *Fellers v. United States*. For any lawyer, this is the equivalent of pitching a no-hitter.

On the morning of March 12, Hopwood was on his way to the iron pile to work some weights



when someone, he remembers, came running across the yard yelling "Shon, you're going to die!" The inmate had a copy of *USA Today*, and the story read: "Justices said Monday that they will review an appeal from a man who claims he was tricked into talking to

officers. John J. Fellers' case proved to be a key test of the landmark 1966 Miranda ruling."

"I knew this was something that would change my life forever," says Hopwood. "Something like this is the pinnacle of a lawyer's career. I couldn't walk across the yard without someone saying 'There goes my law man.'"

Hopwood called home that night. His dad answered. "Congratulations, Mr. Famous," he said. "Shon was amazing," Fellers says in a phone conversation from the car dealership he returned to in Lincoln after his sentence was cut by almost four years. "He could read very complicated case law and completely understand it."

Fellers reached out to Seth Waxman, who Hopwood knew had argued more than 50 cases in the Supreme Court. "Yes, he called me and said his petition had been granted and asked if I was interested in representing him," Waxman recalled

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late last month from his law office in Washington, D.C. "I said let me read it first. And when I did, I got back in touch with him and told him it was one of the best cert petitions I'd ever read, that it was such a great petition that he didn't need me. Then I said I'd do it for free—but only if Shon was involved."

Says Hopwood: "Most lawyers would have said 'Yeah, nice brief, but we'll take it from here.' But Seth made me part of the team. They even had a nickname for me: in-house counsel."

"I was January 26, 2004, when a guard told me I had a call. I was nervous. You never get a call unless it was a death in the family or something. It was Seth, and he said, 'The Supreme Court ruled in our favor, 9-0. Thank you.'"

**S**hon Hopwood walked out of Pekin federal prison in October 2008—two years early. That first night he had steak and shrimp with his brother at an Old Chicago in Omaha. He spent the next six months in a halfway house in Council Bluffs, Iowa. The adjustment was hard. He says he was filled with high anxiety for months. He remembers how he "freaked out" one day when he saw how many packs of gum he could choose from at a convenience store.

Two weeks after he left the halfway house, on April 9, 2009, Hopwood proposed to Annie Metzner. Their son Mark was born on Christmas Day that year. Gracie arrived two years later. John Fellers, meanwhile, presented him with a new Mercedes, his way of saying thanks. Hopwood went back to college and received a B.S. from Bellevue University in Nebraska.

In their apartment near Children's Hospital, Shon and Annie sit together on the couch. Above their heads hangs a framed photograph, taken a couple of years ago, of them standing in front of the Supreme Court building. She has just returned from dropping off the child at preschool, and she looks very happy. He beams when she walks in from the kitchen with a mug of coffee. They chat about the lovely hike they took the day before, up to Granite Falls. The living room is strewn with the plastic pots and pans that go with Gracie's toy oven.

"We had our problems," he says. "It's one thing handling things when men in prison, and another handling things with a sensitive woman." His eyes welling now with tears, Hopwood continues, "The first thing that goes in prison is empathy, and it's the hardest thing to get back. They hold you for 10 years and they give you nothing. You come out and you don't even know how to work a cell phone."

Hopwood turns quiet and his wife reaches for his arm. "My story no longer seems real, nor was my time in prison. My purpose now in life, I think, is to try and reform the criminal-justice system and change people's perceptions about prisoners. Most of the inmates I saw were redeemable. They just need a little assistance."

This August, Judge Kopf, after learning that Hopwood had won the clerkship with Judge Rogers, wrote reflectively on his blog: "When I sent him to prison, I would have bet the farm and all the animals that Hopwood would fail as a productive citizen when he finally got out of prison. My gut told me that Hopwood was a punk—all mouth and very little else."

"My viscera was wrong," he went on. "Hopwood pays my sentencing instincts back."

Says Hopwood: "That was amazing to hear about. You know, I've never said I didn't deserve to be punished. I did. I committed a very serious crime. And now I'm getting an amazing second chance. I feel so blessed." ■

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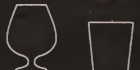


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## food&drink Westward

» FROM PAGE 21

lost among its many delicious partners, including a beef patty blended down to cavatelli-like beads and a creamy lambeth (a delicate, mellow kind of Greek yogurt) topped with spicy Mediterranean za'atar seeds. It's a trend I noticed all summer in fashionable restaurants: the desire to get as many tastes—particularly seasonal ones—onto a plate, sometimes at the expense of what's supposed to be highlighted.

Likewise the grilled mackerel, of which my first few forkfuls were amazing—until I hit the raw center. Mackerel is often served as sashimi at Japanese restaurants, but it's not a fish designed to be undercooked. Our waiter whisked it away, said "We never make the same mistake twice," and brought back a properly cooked one within 10 minutes, during which time we munched on our tasty tiny radishes with sea salt, parsley, and a goat-cheese dipping sauce.

They held true to their promise; this time the mackerel was cooked just right—and its slightly fishy flesh was ideally paired with a sizable smear of charred, smoky eggplant. But the abundance of tahini on the side was a throwaway, its aggressive taste duking it out with the strong-flavored fish.

The whole branzino—was I had the option to fillet it ourselves, which we did—was cooked faultlessly, but the decision to serve it with a side of angoumon sauce was an interesting one. A frothy egg-lemon foam that our waiter likened to a light hollandaise, it provided the fish with a creamier mouthfeel and didn't overpower the meat of the mild, white flesh. But it may have been just a tad too quiet. I appreciated the inclination to not overwhelm such a fish, but would have liked something that enlivened it a bit more. (What I did appreciate: the price point of a whole branzino at \$28; this fish tends to be in the \$30-and-up category.)

Westward is doing something different with its menu. Our waiter tells us it's designed for "feasting and sharing," which means you won't find conventional categories like appetizers and entrees. Instead, you're supposed to tell the waiter how hungry you are and let him customize your choices accordingly. Potentially awkward, the interaction was made easy by a waitstaff that on both visits was earnest, attentive, and refreshingly comfortable expressing an opinion (one steered us away from the "Day Boat Octopus Bolognese" because "it's not my favorite; the octopus is just ground into the sauce").

On our first visit, we followed the suggestion to begin with a plate of raw oysters. The four available varieties that night—Kussis, Kumamoto, Blue Pools, and Haru Tanas—all, according to our waiter, had a cucumber-lemon finish (I guess oysters get wine ling) now. My six were cold, slightly sweet, and good enough to skip the pink-peppercorn vinaigrette. The Blue Pools (from the Hood Canal), in particular, were small but meaty and sharp on the tongue. I wish I'd ordered just them. (David Leck of Taylor & Hellich fame is the oyster manager and promises that come October he'll have 12 "creams of the crop" types to choose from: among them Virginias and Olympias.)

Following the oysters, our waiter led us down a path of clean and light: gravlax over fried squash blossoms or potatoes cooked in the fire, the branzino over the fish stew. We went with it, but as the dishes came out, my friend and I both remarked that the recommendation was counterintuitive.



DAVID LECK

David Leck  
at the oyster bar

Everything we'd ordered was fresh and mild; everything with a little grease or fat would have been a more fitting counterpoint. On our next visit, we took control and made sure to try the oyster roll (a twist on the East Coast lobster roll, served on a hot-dog bun but with tangy fried pickles) and the wood-baked gigante beans cooked in a tomato-and-feta mixture that had just the right amount of oiliness. Those small plates would definitely have made a great balance to the simply cooked branzino and raw oysters.

The drink menu here also endeavors to be unique. The wines herald from all over the world (even Greece), but I was surprised to find only one Washington red and white. I turned instead to the cocktail menu, which is particularly interesting for its tight curation: "Cocktails," "Lighter Cocktails/Aperitifs," "Beer Cocktails," and "Seasonal Cocktails." I chose a seasonal, the Picnic Basket, made with watermelon gin, streps, and spicy bitters. My friend got the Nor'Wester: whiskey, forestry liqueur, and cocoa bitters. There's folks know how to make a stiff drink that even my sea dog of a grandfather would approve of. All the "craft" cocktail condiments are there, but they're not mucking up the spirit itself.

Dessert, as is admittedly so often does for me, disappointed. A chocolate olive-oil cake sounded mandatory, but had no discernible chocolate taste and was on the overly savory side, especially with the jarringly large grains of sea salt on top. The only sweetness on the plate was the branded cherries, which, like a kid, I eagerly devoured. Likewise, the loukoumades (Greek donuts skin to pepples) were on the dry side, sweetened with too little of a tasty roasted-plum compote. Instead I indulged my sweet tooth from the "Lighter Cocktails/Aperitifs": Dolin Extra-Dry & Rouge vermouth and ginger. It was one of many good choices at a restaurant that's shaping up to be one of Seattle's seafood standouts. **A-**

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## Wine Picks for Fall Foods

BY ZACH GEBALLE

**W**ith the oh-so-apparent seasonal change comes a change, too, in what fills our wine glasses.

Roses and lighter-bodied white wines are on their way out, while the winter powerhouses are still a few months and a dozen degrees away. That opens the door to a whole range of wines that are often neglected: lighter-bodied reds and full-bodied whites. Not coincidentally, they happen to pair perfectly with fall's most notable foods. Here, four ingredients and the wines that'll bring them fully to life.

In Washington, fall is first and foremost apple season, and fortunately apples have several natural wine pairings. Kisslings, especially those from Germany, are the apple's best companion. With their intense green-apple notes and brisk acidity, they're ideal for

almost any apple preparation. That said, if you're using a sweeter and richer apple (see [seattleweekly.com/voracious](http://seattleweekly.com/voracious) for information on this season's apples), or are roasting or poaching them, I'd encourage you to look more locally: The Evroica riesling from Chateau Ste. Michelle is one of the state's best year in and year out, offering a bit more generous fruit while preserving that core of acidity that makes riesling such a good food wine.

Autumn also always makes me think of squash, the hard-shelled varieties. From butternut to acorn to my personal favorite, delicata, there are so many wonderful ones to choose from. Many have a rich, nutty, slightly sweet

Red wines can complement squash well, too. My first choice: Spanish Riojas. Their rustic earthiness and tannic bite, and slight nuttiness from the way they're aged, will help balance the squash's rich creaminess. If you can find a Reserva-level version, you should be just dandy. Several local producers are experimenting with tempranillo (the primary grape in Rioja), and while it may take some time until they can match the quality of classic Spanish wines, the grape does seem well-suited for eastern Washington.

With the return of fall rain comes the sprouting of many glorious wild mushrooms, first among them the King Boletes, or porcini mushroom. Seared, grilled, or sautéed, it has a wonderfully powerful nutty flavor that cries out for a pinot noir. While the communes of Burgundy

Full-bodied whites work wonders with squash.

are renowned for their pinots, I'd encourage you to explore those of Oregon's Willamette Valley. While they may not match Burgundy's intense earthy aromas, they still often have a nice hint of mushrooms, dried leaves, and woodsmeat coupled with slightly more generous fruit tones. In Oregon's Dundee Hills, Domaine Drouhin makes incredibly elegant and complex wines, while at a lower price point I'd recommend a Z Winegrower pinot.

Fall is also the season to move meats from the grill to the oven (if not all the way into the slow-cooker). One of my favorite dishes in this vein is extremely simple—just roasted chicken with root vegetables like turnips, carrots, or potatoes. Chicken is both easy and challenging to pair. Because it's not very fatty, it needs a wine without too much in the way of tannins, but it's relatively versatile after that. I'd recommend a mourvèdre, which is classically a grape of the southern Rhône Valley and Provence but has also found a willing home here in Washington. In particular, McCre Cellars' mourvèdre is a spicy, earthy treat, but light enough on the tannins to enhance the chicken, not overpower it.

Are there fall foods you'd like help pairing? Questions, comments, criticisms, and even compliments can be directed to the address below, or follow me on Twitter @zgeballe. [thebarcode@seattleweekly.com](mailto:thebarcode@seattleweekly.com)

character that can be a bit tricky to pair with wines. If you can get your hands on a nice bottle of Chardonnay from Burgundy, particularly Moussault or Puligny-Montrachet or a local version like the Abeja, the slight butteriness and citric zing will do wonders with that squash. If you can find a slightly older vintage of these, like a 2009 or 2010, even better.



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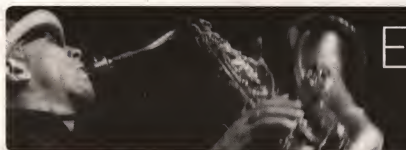
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### TUESDAY OCTOBER 1 BENARAYA HALL, 8PM

**Keith Jarrett, Gary Peacock, Jack DeJohnette**  
30th Anniversary Concert

"Very simply, this is jazz at its finest" — *Los Angeles Times*. The premier piano trio in jazz celebrates 30 years as the gold standard of telepathic invention. (A Live @ Benaraya Hall co-presentation.)

### WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 2 TRIPLE DOG, 7PM & 9:30PM

**John Scofield's Uberjam**  
The guitarist's new groove/funk band features bassist Andy Hess, guitarist and sample ace Avi Benrick, and drummer Luis Cato. Fresh from a new studio album. A veteran of bands going back to Chet Baker, Gerry Mulligan, and Miles Davis, Scofield is an ever-evolving jazz-rock icon. \$25 advance, \$30 day of show, \$35 VIP

### THURSDAY OCTOBER 3 KIRKLAND PERFORMANCE CENTER, 8PM

**La Familia Valera Miranda**  
A special Seattle residency by this family of musicians from Santiago de Cuba, in the Oriente region. Father Felix, his wife, brother, and sons have virtually defined *casa* son, the middle-term form of the Cuban son style, marked by its easy-going, contagious swing. \$30 general/\$28 members & seniors/\$25 students (Welcome by Seattle Latino Film Festival)

### FRIDAY OCTOBER 3 HUSLEY BALL, NORDSTROM RECTAL HALL AT BENARAYA, 7:30PM

**Seattle Repertory Jazz Orchestra: Play It Again, Sam!**  
The region's all-star jazz repertory ensemble performs highlights from its recent and 20-year repertory. \$44 adult, \$40 senior, \$35 student

### SUNDAY OCTOBER 6 TRIPLE DOG, 7:30PM

**Vinicius Cantuária**  
The Brazilian singer/songwriter has been in the vanguard of soulful collaborations with notable jazz innovators for decades. Appearing with his own sextet quartet in one show. \$22 general/\$20 members & seniors/\$15 students

### SUNDAY OCTOBER 6 PONCHO CONCERT HALL, KIRKLAND COLLEGE, 8PM

**John Hollenbeck Claudia Quintet**  
The percussionist's genre-defying quintet returns to Seattle with driving rhythms, quirky melodies, and stunning virtuosity. Creating its instantly recognizable sound are bassist Drew Gress, saxophonist Chris Speed, vibraphonist Matt Menza, and accordionist Red Wieringa. \$30 general/\$35 members & seniors/\$30 students (Presented by Cornish College of the Arts)

### TUESDAY OCTOBER 8 EDMONDS-WOODWAY HIGH SCHOOL, 7:30PM

**Edmonds-Woodway High School Jazz Band w/ Cuong Vu Trio**  
One of three Seattle-area bands selected this year for the annual, prestigious Essentially Ellington Competition at Lincoln Center, New York. Directed by Jake Bergerin, and performing with the trio of Cuong Vu, one of the great trumpetists in today's jazz. \$12 (Presented by Edmonds-Woodway High School Music Boosters)

### WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 9 LANSTON HUGHES PERFORMING ARTS INSTITUTE, 8PM

**Yosvany Terry Quintet**  
The Harlem-based Cuban saxophonist addresses both the ancient and the immediate, in a sonic world of Afro-Cuban polyrhythms and sophisticated jazz. With Michael Rodriguez, trumpet; Osmany Ponzies, piano; Matt Brewer, bass; and Clarence Penn, drums. \$22 general/\$20 members & seniors/\$15 students

### THURSDAY OCTOBER 10 PONCHO CONCERT HALL, KIRKLAND COLLEGE, 8PM

**Ken Vandermark & Nate Wooley**  
World-renowned Chicagoan, and 1999 MacArthur Fellow, performs improvised works with trumpeter Nate Wooley of the booming Brooklyn improv scene. *Free music* (also, PONCHO Concert Hall, noon. \$18 general/\$16 members & seniors/\$9 students)

### SATURDAY OCTOBER 12 PONCHO CONCERT HALL, KIRKLAND COLLEGE, 8PM

**Dave Douglas Quintet / The Westerlies**  
At the recent *Time Travel* and *Be Still* recordings show, the new ensemble of the ever-evolving trumpet delivers transporting, lyrical, and hard-swinging jazz renditions of melodies old and new. Jon Irabaghoi, saxophone; Matt Mitchell, piano; Linda Oh, bass; Rudy Royce, drums. All are at the Westerlies, a new quartet for the ages! (see Royal Room review box, October 11). \$22 general/\$20 members & seniors/\$15 students

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### FRIDAY OCTOBER 13 PONCHO CONCERT HALL, KIRKLAND COLLEGE, 8PM

**Chris Speed, Dave King & Chris Tordini Trio / Bad Luck**  
Three seasoned innovators join forces: Chris Speed (saxs, Human Feel), Dave King (drums, The Bad Plus), and Chris Tordini (bass). The "third-edge and soulfulness" duo of drummer Chris Kassiano and saxophonist Neil Welch opens. \$18 general/\$16 members & seniors/\$9 students

### SUNDAY OCTOBER 13 KIRKLAND PERFORMANCE CENTER, 8PM

**DakhaBrakha**  
Mixing the fundamental structure of folk music with soulful, free improvisation, the Ukrainian "ethno-chao" band creates a mesmerizing world of unexpected and engaging new music. \$20 general/\$18 members & seniors/\$10 students (A Kirkland Performance Center co-presentation.)

### WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 16 TRIPLE DOG, 7PM & 9:30PM

**Mehliana: Brad Mehldau & Mark Guiliana**  
Mehldau, one of the greatest of modern jazz pianists, debuts this piano-less duo, extending his range to Fender Rhodes and a battery of synthesizers with one of the most exciting young drummers on the scene. \$25 advance, \$27 day of show

### THURSDAY OCTOBER 17 PONCHO CONCERT HALL, KIRKLAND COLLEGE, 8PM

**Dafnis Prieto S10 si**  
The Cuban drummer's breathtaking skill and imagination earned him a 2011 MacArthur Foundation "genius" award. This New York quartet features Peter Apfelbaum, sax, Robert Rodriguez, piano, and Johannes Weidenmueller, bass. *Free music* (also, PONCHO Concert Hall, 12:30pm. \$22 general/\$20 members & seniors/\$15 students)

### FRIDAY OCTOBER 18 HUSLEY BALL, NORDSTROM RECTAL HALL AT BENARAYA, 7:30PM

**Roosevelt High School Jazz Band**  
Fresh from its third-place victory at the prestigious Essentially Ellington competition at Lincoln Center, New York. \$22 general/\$20 members & seniors/\$15 students

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The festival rolls into Seattle's favorite jazz club. Music at 7:30pm. Cover: \$16 general/\$14 members & seniors/\$8 students

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### THU, 10/3 - BILL RAMSAY TRIBUTE

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### FRI, 10/4 - TRUMPET MADNESS

Three generations of jazz trumpet with Willie Thomas, Jay Thomas, and young Seattle players.

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### SUN, 11/17 - MCTUFF

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### FRIDAY OCTOBER 18 BENARAYA HALL GRAND LOBBY, 10PM

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Seattle Symphony musicians and the Steve Lehman Trio perform Cat 'n' Nine Tails and other cutting-edge works by Lehman, John Zorn, and others. \$20 (Presented in partnership with Seattle Symphony)

### SATURDAY OCTOBER 19 KIRKLAND PERFORMANCE CENTER, 8PM

**John Medeski**  
Renowned for the considerable legacy of Medeski Martin & Wood, the keyboardist demonstrates virtuosity and swing range on solo grand piano. \$28 general/\$26 members & seniors/\$14 students/\$9 VIP

### SUNDAY OCTOBER 20 TRIPLE DOG, 7PM & 9:30PM

**The Bad Plus**  
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# SUNDAY OCTOBER 20 KIRKLAND PERFORMANCE CENTER 8PM

## Philip Glass

A cultural and artistic giant, Glass is an iconoclast of contemporary composition - opera, symphonies, and much else. He returns to KPC for a rare solo piano performance. \$75 (Presented by Kirkland Performance Center)

# THURSDAY OCTOBER 22 LESLEY BALL NORDSTROM REGICAL HALL AT BENARROYA 8PM

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# FRIDAY OCTOBER 23 KIRKLAND PERFORMANCE CENTER 7:30PM

## Seattle Women's Jazz Orchestra w/ Ingrid Jensen

Brilliant trumpeter Ingrid Jensen joins this all-star band in a program that includes the world premiere by the winner of its jazz-composition contest for women. \$22 general (Presented by Kirkland Performance Center.)

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# FR1, 10/14 - BRIAN HAAS & SCOTT AMENDOLA / CHEMICAL COOK

Keyboardist from Jacob Fred Jazz Odyssey joins up with the West Coast's most creative drummer. Seattle's Chemical Cook opens. \$16/14/8

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# THURSDAY OCTOBER 24 CHAPEL PERFORMANCE SPACE 8PM

## Syrinx Effect / Naomi Siegel Quartet

In two of the most innovative groups on Seattle's new forward-moving jazz scene, trombonist Naomi Siegel appears with outstanding soprano saxophonist Kate Olson, and her quartet. \$5-15 sliding scale

# FRIDAY OCTOBER 25 PONCHO CONCERT HALL CORNISH COLLEGE 8PM

## Nicole Mitchell Ice Crystal Quartet

Mitchell, "the most important jazz bandleader of her generation" (*All About Jazz*), draws gospel, African percussion, and avant-garde elements into a thrilling extension of jazz. With Jason Adasiewicz (vibes), Joshua Abrams (bass), and Frank Rosaly (drums). \$22 general/\$20 members & seniors/\$15 students

# THURSDAY OCTOBER 26 JAZZ HALLS SEATTLE 8PM

## Patricia Barber

The "compulsively literate and refreshingly inventive" (*The New Yorker*) singer-pianist in a distinctive solo observed and gifted musician who turned from classical to jazz. Her sparkling trio includes bassist Patrick McKay and drummer Koo Peterson. \$35 general/\$20 members & seniors/\$15 students

# FRIDAY OCTOBER 27 KIRKLAND PERFORMANCE CENTER 8PM

## Beth Fleener Workshop Ensemble / B'shnokestra

Two distinctive ensembles on the Seattle scene, clarinetist Beth Fleener and trumpeter Samantha Boshnack, showcase their works for large ensembles in one of the city's finest concert rooms. \$5-15 sliding scale (*Journal of Music Management*)

# SUNDAY OCTOBER 27 PONCHO CONCERT HALL CORNISH COLLEGE 8PM

## Lucian Ban & Mat Maneri

Classically trained in Romania, pianist Lucian Ban is increasingly recognized for his modernist jazz. He teams with the stellar violinist Mat Maneri on the new ECM release, *Transylvanian Concert*. \$18 general/\$16 members & seniors/\$9 students

# THURSDAY OCTOBER 28 PONCHO CONCERT HALL CORNISH COLLEGE 8PM

## Darcy James Argue & Cornish Contemporary Big Band

The Vancouver-raised, Brooklyn-based composer, pianist, and bandleader, past Radnorhead, past Steve Reich, and fully his own man, directs the Cornish Community's best. \$20 general/\$15 members & seniors/\$10 students (Presented by Cornish College of the Arts)

# FRIDAY NOV 1, SATURDAY NOV 2, SUNDAY NOV 3 TRIPLE DOUB, 7PM & 9:30PM

## Manhattan Transfer

The Manhattan Transfer remains at the forefront of harmony vocal quartets. With voices in the millions, Grammy by the dozen, and sold-out world tours, they prove an unlikely knack for being ahead of the times. \$40 advance, \$45 day of show, \$50 VIP, \$35 open, \$30 advance, \$35 day of show, \$40 VIP

# FRIDAY NOVEMBER 1 JONES PLAYHOUSE THEATER 10P, 7:30PM

## Bill Frisell w/ Congu Viet & Robin Holcomb

This year's Earshot Festival resident artist is a world-renowned innovator who creates at the intersections of jazz, country, and pop, all processed through his inimitable personal style. He presents five groups in four concerts, beginning with this collaboration with two other renowned Seattleites: stellar trumpeter, Congu Viet and vocalist/pianist Robin Holcomb. \$20 general, \$12 students/seniors (Presented by The University of Washington School of Music.)

# SATURDAY NOVEMBER 2 CHAPEL PERFORMANCE SPACE 8PM

## Paul Kitchi's Bat of No Bird Island

The Seattle-based percussionist presents the premiere of his song cycle for chamber jazz ensemble, inspired by the memory of his great grandfather, Zentichi Kitchi, a 1901 Japanese immigrant. With Stuart Dempster, Bill Horvitz, Ian Nelson-Zagar, Eyvind Kang, and Maria Scherer Wilson. \$18 general/\$15 members & seniors/\$9 students (A Nonacoustic co-presentation. Supported by Chamber Music America.)

# SATURDAY NOVEMBER 3 THEATRE ONE THEATRE ONE THEATRE ONE BEHARROYA 7:30PM

## SUNDAY NOVEMBER 3 KIRKLAND PERFORMANCE CENTER 8PM

## Seattle Repertory Jazz Orchestra: Take Five

The all-star big band pays tribute to pioneering pianist and composer Dave Brubeck, whose *The Five* is best-selling jazz list of all time. \$44 adult, \$40 senior, \$15 youth (Presented by Seattle Repertory Jazz Orchestra)

# SUNDAY NOVEMBER 3 JONES PLAYHOUSE THEATER 10P, 7:30PM

## Bill Frisell w/ Ted Poor & Luke Bergman

Bill Frisell calls on the inventive bassist Luke Bergman and New York's Seattle drummer, Ted Poor, both of whom range from the most subtle to the thunderous. All three new on the UW jazz faculty. \$20 general/\$12 students & seniors (Presented by The University of Washington School of Music.)

# SUNDAY NOVEMBER 3 PONCHO CONCERT HALL CORNISH COLLEGE 8PM

## Kora Band

Drawing well-deserved attention far from its Portland/Seattle roots, this ensemble combines elements of jazz and West African music - pianist Andrew Ollivier, kora player Kane Mathis, drummer Mark Dikora, trumpeter Chad McCullough, and bassist Brady Millard-Kish. \$18 general/\$16 members & seniors/\$9 students

# WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 6 TRIPLE DOUB, 7:30PM

## Garfield High School Jazz Band

The region's premier powerhouse of high-school jazz, under the baton of its long-serving, multi award-winning director, Clarence Acosta, shows why it seems to carry the very spirit of Seattle's remarkable jazz continuum. \$10 general/\$4 members & seniors/\$5 students

# WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 6 KIRKLAND PERFORMANCE CENTER 7:30PM

## Omar Sosa Afro-Lectric Sextet

The Cuban composer and pianist fuses global elements with jazz and Afro-Cuban spiritualism to create a captivating, urban sound. \$38 (Presented by Kirkland Performance Center)

# THURSDAY NOVEMBER 7 PONCHO CONCERT HALL CORNISH COLLEGE 8PM

## Kneebody

A "testament to pin-downable band" (*Nate Chinen, NYT*) melds urban rage, from electro-pop to punk and hip-hop, into its own gritty, avant-garde sound. Seattle's Adam Benjamin, trumpeter Shane Endley, tenor saxophonist Ben Wendel, bassist Kane Mathis, and drummer Nate Wood. \$18 general/\$16 members & seniors/\$9 students

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# THU, OCTOBER 10 - KAREEM KANDI GROUP

The many Seattle-based saxophonists here this year in Seattle.

# THU, NOVEMBER 14 - BILL ANSCHLUTZ QUARTET

Saluting jazz big ensembles with Pirouette overtones.

# SATURDAY NOVEMBER 9 JONES PLAYHOUSE THEATER 10P, 7:30PM

## Dave Douglas w/ The Congu Viet & University of Washington Jazz Students

A rare opportunity to hear two renowned jazz trumpeters perform together - here with UW faculty members and up students. \$20 general, \$12 students/seniors (Presented by The University of Washington School of Music.)

# SUNDAY NOVEMBER 10 MEANT HALL 10P, 7:30PM

## Bill Frisell's Big Sur Quintet / Jim Woodring, Eyvind Kang, featuring Bill Frisell

After Eyvind Kang and cartoonist Jim Woodring join him in an opening performance, Bill Frisell presents the Seattle premiere of his *Big Sur* Quintet, as reuniting a band as any working today - joining the guitarists are Jerry Scheitman on violin, Eyvind Kang on viola, Hank Roberts on cello, and Rudy Royson on drums. \$30 general, \$12 students/seniors (Presented by The University of Washington School of Music.)

# THURSDAY NOVEMBER 10 TRIPLE DOUB, 7PM & 9:30PM

## NEXT Collective

A supergroup, packed with stars from recent Thelonious Monk Jazz Competitions who have reenergized the Harlem jazz scene. The exciting pianist Gerald Clayton joins bassist Ben Williams, saxophonist Logan Richardson, guitarist Matthew Stevens, and drummers Jamie Williams. \$22 general/\$20 members & seniors/\$15 students (In collaboration with Icons Among Us Jazz in the Present Tense with support from The Argus Fund.)

# SATURDAY NOVEMBER 14 TRIPLE DOUB, 7PM & 9:30PM

## Peter Brtzmann & Pats Nilssen-Love

Generating as much power as a Northwest hydroelectric dam, the Norbertal German saxophonist and Norwegian drummer represent two generations of jazz-infused free improvisation. \$18 general/\$16 members & seniors/\$9 students

# SUNDAY NOVEMBER 15 KIRKLAND PERFORMANCE CENTER 8PM

## Charles Lloyd and Friends w/ Bill Frisell

The venerable saxophonist has performed breathtaking concerts here in Seattle and around the globe, and has built a legacy of some of the most compelling recordings in jazz. This promises to be a beautiful finale to Earshot 25, as our favorite guitarist leads his bandmates taken to a quarter that includes bassist Roeder Rogers and drummer Eric Harland. \$28 general/\$20 members & seniors/\$14 students, \$35 preferred seating.

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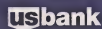
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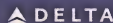
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# arts & culture

## No Joke

Chastity Belt first stood out in Seattle for its mix of dreamy pop and crass humor. Now it's time for Julia Shapiro and her band to get (a little) serious.

BY ANDREW GOSPE

In music, humor is often ephemeral. This is obviously true of music-based comedy, where bands like Flight of the Conchords and The Lonely Island have quickly gone from relevant memes to pop-cultural footnotes, but it also holds for bands who incorporate humor into their music.

For whatever reason—the incessant grind of touring and releasing new material, the existential dread of aging—bands who start with a sense of humor tend to lose it over time. Consider Vampire Weekend's transformation from cheeky collegians to world-weary rock stars over the course of three albums, or the gradual maturation of irreverent pop-punk bands like Green Day and Blink-182 as, respectively, they discovered politics and stopped writing songs about being young, dumb, and bored. At the same time, though, if a band is too funny for too long (like, say, They Might Be Giants), it runs the risk of being categorized in the popular consciousness as one of those comedy first/music second novelty acts.

Humor, then, is risky, but can bear rewards as well: When staid self-seriousness has become the indie-rock norm, it can help a young band stand out. That's the case with Chastity Belt, an act whose most salient attribute is levity, as is evident in its song titles ("Nip Slip," "Giant Vagina"), its lyrics, and the intentional typo in the name of its recently released debut, *No Rogers*—an expert example of the band's self-effacing wit. It's even there in the band's press photo—a shot of the group in floral-print dresses, with singer/guitarist Julia Shapiro lifting her skirt to reveal a literal chastity belt fashioned from some chain, a padlock, and a steak.

Bands with Chastity Belt's sound—melodic, mellow, guitar-led pop—usually aren't very funny. That, along with some sharp songwriting and perhaps the unexpected dissidence of an all-female group singing loudly and plainly about drunkenness and sex, has made them one of Seattle's most talked-about bands. The group has received raves of national press, including a gaudy 7.5 review from Pitchfork. This month, the band will embark on their first national tour. But as Chastity Belt's popularity grows, it's engaged in a balancing act of sorts between the public's expectations of a national touring band and the level may-care-less that made them so compelling in the first place.

That balancing act was on display at the latest-release show from *No Rogers*. The band

took the stage at Barboza, and, without a word to the audience, launched into "Pussy Weed Beer," a late cut from its debut. As in many Chastity Belt songs, the music contradicted the title's party-happy abandon. The guitars were clean, not overdriven, led by sunny, uncramped chords rather than furious strumming. Gretchen Grimm's drumming was light and loose. Most tellingly, the four-piece's behavior onstage was

**"The point of playing music is to have fun with it... That's not to say that you can't take what you do seriously, too, but it's serious about having fun."**

somewhere between relaxed and catatonic; with the exception of some slight, rhythmic bobbing, they scarcely moved. The set continued in this manner, and after 10 or 12 songs, the show was over. Compared to the bands that preceded them—no-wave sax-punks Stickers, bouncy pop-rockers Duke York, and Ubu Roi, a dandy bunch who'd seen the likelihood to write a song about sex, drugs, and alcohol—it was easily the lowest-energy set of the night.

It was also the most precise. If subdued onstage, Shapiro and her bandmates were work-

manlike, polished, and professional—relatively new descriptors for a band that originated playing sloppy sets at eastern Washington house parties and whose songs center largely on getting wasted, having sex, and having sex after getting wasted. This tightened-up, solemn live show is a relatively new look for Chastity Belt, but according to the band members, they haven't lost their sense of humor. "I hope I never take myself super-seriously," Shapiro says.

A week before the Barboza show, I talked to Shapiro, Grimm, and guitarist Lydia Lund at the Capitol Hill bar where Shapiro works. In conversation, they display the same natural camaraderie that they do onstage. They glance at one another before answering my questions, and their answers often dissolve into spirited tangents about the band's history. They're close friends first and bandmates second, a relationship Shapiro's philosophy seems to bear out.

"The point of playing music is to have fun with it," she continues. "That's the point right now. You want to enjoy it. That's not to say that you can't take what you do seriously, too, but it's serious about having fun."

Chastity Belt's roots are in this sort of carefree spirit. The four—Shapiro, Grimm, Lund, and bassist Annie Truscott—met as students at Whitman College in Walla Walla, and formed the group as an excuse to play at parties. Early Chastity Belt shows, many of which took place

» CONTINUED ON PAGE 28



## This Week's Agenda

THURSDAY, OCT. 3  
Martin Short

The old-fashioned Broadway notion of a triple threat (sings, dances, acts) doesn't do justice to Martin Short, who was born too late for the postwar stage. Instead, on *SNL* in the '80s, he created delightfully demented showbiz characters who might've been Broadway stars—if only in their own delusional minds. Chief among them is the albino entertainer Jackie Rogers Jr. (always hindered by that Jc! never getting the respect he deserves!), an affectionate riff on Sammy Davis Jr., but also a bizarre expression of show-business psychosis—what all those pills and hookers and years of headlining in Vegas will do to a man. They take a toll! Yet Short is a survivor of a different sort. His four decades in the game—including a stint on *Saturday Night Live*, two dozen movies, and, as Tony for *Little Me*—have made him one of the most beloved and revered figures in the industry ("The funniest guy I know"—Larry David. "I'm a Marry addict"—Tom Hanks.) He's boundlessly enthusiastic onstage, and that zest informs characters like Jimmy Glick and Ed Grimley. He's also one of the best talk-show guests in TV history, though tonight he'll be turning the tables to invite audience members onstage. Consider yourself lucky to attend, luckier if called. **The Paramount**, 911 Pine St., 877-784-4849, [stgtpresents.org](http://stgtpresents.org). \$41-\$71, 8 p.m. BRIAN MILLER

Short is also writing a memoir.



ANDREW MACDONALD/TAT

Robin Crookall


Robin Crookall's basement looks like a scene out of *Furnarij*. Large dioramas of empty museums and stark, empty hallways fill every table. On a corner shelf are carefully realistic miniatures of dinosaur skeletons, foxes, and horses. Preparing for tonight's opening of *Wear the Fox Hat*, the artist says, "I get great joy out of the trickery. I

» CONTINUED ON PAGE 28 27

# Adam Carolla

## podcast

### LIVE TAPING



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## arts & culture »

### No Joke » FROM PAGE 28



COURTESY OF THE ARTIST

in Whitman's "ridiculous" frat-party scene, were riotous, half-remembered affairs. When both the band and the audience were drunk, nuance was difficult and undesirable.

"It was kind of a joke," Shapiro says. "But then we played three or four shows in Seattle and they were really well-received, and we thought 'Hey, we could actually do this, it doesn't just have to be a joke.'"

Those first Seattle shows, organized by fellow Whitman expatriates Dude York, led to Shapiro and Lund's permanent move to Seattle in the

**"Moving to Seattle, I think one of the most valuable lessons we learned was how much easier it is to play music when you're not really drunk."**

summer of 2012. Grimm and Truscott joined them soon after, and the relocation immediately sharpened the group's focus. "Moving to Seattle, I think one of the most valuable lessons we learned was how much easier it is to play music when you're not really drunk," Grimm says. "It's so crazy." After the move, opportunities to play live abounded. The bandmates estimate they've played three to four shows per month over the past year or so, and all that experience has dramatically improved how they perform.

Most important, Seattle changed how the band wrote songs. "We didn't have to think about what a song would sound like at a frat party or something," Shapiro says.

This led to more contemplative fare like "Seattle Party," the first single from *No Regrets* and one of the record's best tracks, alongside more meditative ones like "Happiness" and "Black Sail," the

group's most popular song. A mid-tempo, somber ballad, it's more torch song than punk song, and its earnestness wears on Shapiro.

"Sometimes it's kind of painful singing 'Black Sail,'" she says. "I'm just not in the mood. It's just really sentimental or something, and sometimes it just seems really weird to sing. I like the song and everything, but for me, songs that are lighter are way more fun to play live. I don't know, maybe that's just where I'm at right now."

More often Shapiro's songwriting is both dryly acerbic and painfully direct. A good example is the chorus of "James Deen." "Apropos for a song named for a porn star, Shapiro bel-lows, 'Oh boy, when I fuck you, you make me feel like a prostitute.' "No Regrets" is full of such moments—lyrics that could scan as confessional, but are actually crassly deadpan. Though so brazen in her songs, Shapiro is soft-spoken, even demure, in person, and doesn't have much to say about the genesis of her songwriting.

"My sense of humor is kind of crass, so I guess that's why my music is like that," she says. "That just goes along with not taking things super-seriously and having fun with it."

This central dichotomy—skilfully written songs whose flippant, vulgar humor might make them seem carelessly tossed-off—makes Charity Belt a difficult group to parse. It's tempting to assume that the personality it projects on record is at least somewhat a put-on. But Sam Mouser and Jake Mullenburg, whose upstart label Help Yourself Records released *No Regrets*, insist there's no artifice to the music. "It's earnest, but not in a weepy sort of way," Mullenburg says. "They're not being earnest about sappy things. The band is them, and they are the band." ☐

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THE HIGHLIGHT

210 Broadway Ave. E., 328-7837  
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## arts&culture» Agenda

### Agenda

» FROM PAGE 27

love when people think my photos are of real animals." She explains that the show's title is a play on the question most often asked about her about her diorama photos: *Where the fuck's that?* The confusion is testament to Crookall's craft. Trained at the UW, she uses her skill with modeling clay and armature to create her incredibly detailed bestiaries. Then she photographs her miniature natural-history-museum scenes, carefully controlling the lighting to make things appear hyperrealistic. "I loved animals as a kid," she says, "but I got to college and was told I couldn't make anything cute. So I figured out how to get animals in my work without being cute. My work is about fertility. It's funny that man had to figure out this way to create nature and put it in a room, or make special spots on the sidewalk to put trees. My work is sort of me saying, 'Hey look, isn't this ridiculous?' " (Through Oct. 31.) **Gallery+Culture**, 101 Prefontaine Place S. (Tishiro Kaplan Building), 296-7580, 4culture.org. Free. Reception 6-8 p.m. KELTON SEARS

### Axis Dance Company

The work that Judith Smith and her crew of mixed-ability movement artists present is the opposite of what critic Arlene Croce has called "victim art." The goal is to make compelling choreography for the variety of performers in the ensemble, whatever their skills and limitations. With this work they create a new definition of virtuosity, one that is less about physical perfection and more about functioning at the extremes. The tools that are often tokens of disability in our culture—wheelchairs, crutches, prosthetics—are valued as much for their kinetic potential as for their traditional uses. They extend possibilities for the artists using them, no matter who they are. The company will perform three works: *Full of Words*, *The Nurturing*, and *What if I Would You*. (Through Sun.) **Mooney Hall (UW campus)**, 543-4880, [uworldseries.org](http://uworldseries.org), \$39-\$44. 8 p.m. SANDRA KURTZ

### FRIDAY, OCT. 4 Sugar Daddies

It's noteworthy when ACT gets to stage the U.S. premiere of the British hit *Sugar Daddies*, and even more so when its prolific author, Sir Alan Ayckbourn, comes to Seattle to direct the 2003

play. It's not quite a comedy, though the setup might suggest mirth: Sasha (Emily Chisholm) saves a sidewalk Santa from a hit-and-run, then unwisely invites him home. But Val (Sean G. Griffin) is not what he seems. Yes, he bestows gifts upon Sasha (hence the play's name), yet his largesse carries an ominous expectation. If a younger woman accepts the financial generosity of an older man, should she be surprised at his leer? Sasha is naive, and her sister (Elinor Gunn) warns her about the possible sexual repercussions. Yet even then Ayckbourn avoids the obvious conclusion to such upward negotiations. Terms and favors are cast back and forth, and Val's investment yields an unexpected reward. (Previews begin tonight; opens Oct. 10; runs through Nov. 3.) **ACT Theatre**, 700 Union St., 292-7676, [acttheatre.org](http://acttheatre.org). \$41 and up. 8 p.m. BRIAN MILLER

### L'Aventura

Booted at the Cannes Film Festival, praised by Pauline Kael as the best movie of 1960, running 143 ennuï-filled minutes, Michelangelo Antonioni's *L'Aventura* is one of those art films both esteemed and often passed on DVD. You need a break from the desolation; maybe take the dog for a walk. On the remote Mediterranean island where Anna (Lea Massari) goes missing, the long, slow search for her is hypnotically beautiful in the widescreen compositions of cinematographer Aldo Scavarda. And the searches (Gabriel Perenzetti and Monica Vitti) are no less elegant as they survey the eerie, volcanic landscape. The looming sky and hostile terrain push Sandro and Claudia together—less out of love than as a kind of mutual protection, a defense against the pitiless elements (or whatever has taken Anna away). Is she dead? Did she flee on another yacht? *L'Aventura* is a different kind of mystery than that. The movie's famously long shots go beyond mere tension and into the abyss—their duration suggests time on an almost geologic scale. If Anna isn't dead already, she, Sandro, Claudia, and we flingers soon will be: our lives are but a flicker in the cosmic scheme of things. Part of its power is that *L'Aventura* refuses to reassure you. Sandro and Claudia must eventually go back to their idle, rich existence on shore; their search for Anna might seem to give meaning, or "adventure" to their lives, but eventually it has to be abandoned, along with hope. (Through Thurs.) **Northwest Film Forum**, 1515 12th Ave., 267-5380, [nwfilmforum.org](http://nwfilmforum.org), \$6-\$10. 7 p.m. BRIAN MILLER

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Photo © 2003 Pacific Northwest Ballet. (Clockwise) Lindsay Broussard and Jessica Lawrence in *Les Sylphes*; Patricia Pugh. Photo © Angela Sterling.

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## the geekly report»

### View From the Passenger Seat:

#### GTA V and Morality BY TERRA CLARKE OLSEN

Since the release of *Grand Theft Auto V* last month, my news feeds have been dominated once again with commentary about video-game immorality. Parents, activists, and others are using the latest installment of the crime-drama driving game to try to direct the nation's moral compass, complaining that the violence, sexism, and vulgar language in video games is corrupting our youth. In response, gamers defend their right to play games like *GTA V*, saying its violence and sex is no worse than what you see in Hollywood movies. It's a good argument. And yet, reading the gamer arguments, it's clear they're coming from an entirely different universe. Literally.

If I played *GTA V* right now, I would play it as it's intended to be played—shooting innocent people, having sex with hookers, and eliminating rivals. I would glory in the gangster life—poppin' bitches and pimpin' hos. That's because morals are quickly swept aside once you're inside a game. You play to win, meaning you play by the game's rules. That is the nature of gaming. Video games take place in fantasy worlds with abstract systems and rules, often resulting in moral codes different from our society's. Most games, even ones no one would consider immoral, have killing in their game mechanics. *Super Mario Bros.*, one of the most beloved games of all time, includes mass murder (how many koopas have you killed?). This is why, if you truly want to objectively gauge the morality of a game, you can't do it from inside the game.

Before jumping into the driver's seat, you should expose yourself to the game from the passenger side. You should research it beyond the promo video and head to YouTube, where you can find an infinite number of gameplay videos. By watching gameplay as a spectator, you'll be able to form a more objective opinion of the game and its morals or lack thereof. Here, long before you're pressing buttons on a controller, is where the real moral choice in gaming is made. I did this with *Grand Theft Auto V*, and it helped me decide whether I wanted to be one of the 15 million people who have bought the game. I had previously watched the promo video, and was impressed. Rockstar has been working on this game for years, and it shows. The sheer amount of detail is mind-blowing, not to mention the fact that you can interact and adventure all over SoCal and you can do more than explore the entire world; you can also play mini-games. You can go freakin' scuba diving if

you want! That's right, Rockstar even created an underwater world for you. Sweet!

Intrigued, I watched gameplay videos uploaded to YouTube by proud gamers. It started OK. I watched a player blast through cops, screaming all the expletives you would expect, but nothing was really all that alarming to me at that point. No, I don't believe that you should kill cops. But these cops are after your character, and like any other game, you have to stop the people who might prevent your successful completion of the game. And by stop, I mean blast them with a military-grade weapon.

Fast forward. The player goes into a gun shop to buy new weapons. Realizing that he



Questioning his morals in *GTA V*.

can't shoot people in the gun range or rob the store, he leaves the store frustrated, declaring, "Somebody is going to catch one of these!" as his character punches the air. He turns to see a woman standing on the street corner. He approaches her, pukes gas her in the head, she stumbles and puts her hands up in defense. Then he shoots her point blank in the head. I was shocked.

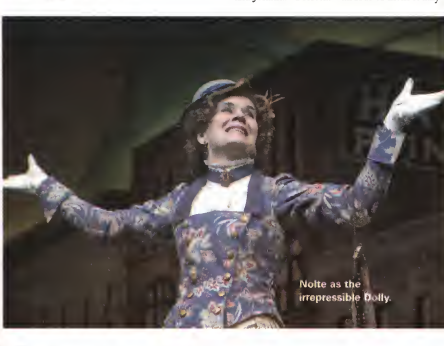
Why? I knew what I was watching, a game where you kill prostitutes to get your money back. But watching it as a spectator stirred up a lot of negative feelings. I watched a few more videos for good measure, and finally couldn't handle it any longer. Morally, I could never bring myself to play this game. Even though I know it's a fantasy world, it was too real and glorifying too many things I stand against. As a gamer, I made the moral choice not to enter that world.

So I propose to other gamers: Before entering a game, educate yourself. You might decide that the awesome mechanics outweigh whatever questionable material is present. That is fine. But I suspect that if more players stopped to think about what they're playing before they play, they might choose fewer games like *GTA V*. Maybe then there would be more games that reward you for creativity and abstract thinking (*Project Spark*, anyone?), and not for killing women after paying them for sex. **JE**

geeklyreport@seattleweekly.com



# Opening Nights



Nolte as the irrepressible Dolly.

Photo: Jeff Labrecque

## Small Talk

**MCCAW HALL, 321 MERCER ST. (SEATTLE CENTER), 641-2424. PNB.ORG. 828-5174. 7:30 P.M. TUES.-SAT., 1 P.M. SUN. ENDS OCT. 6.**

**Twyla:** Tharp has been making dances since 1965, and for all that time she's used just about every element she could find. Her work is both intensely intellectual and deceptively casual, physically grueling and kinetically relaxed. Tharp's trademark is this combination of genres—of movement, music, theater, and literature. Which means that her newer work, made for Pacific Northwest Ballet, mixes classical vocabulary with the Lindy Hop, Greek mythology with American stereotypes.

**Waiting at the Station:** is a narrative work, but far from a traditional story ballet. We follow a solitary man as he tries to connect with his son. Yet he's distracted by the people around him, couples flirting and squabbling, and pursued by a trio of women who may turn out to be the Fates. He's more frustrated than anything: His son doesn't pick up the steps he wants to teach, and he's constantly trying to dodge the fatal trio. It's only after he seems to die and come back to life that he puts everything right, defusing the quarrel couples and launching his son to follow in his jazz footsteps. Only then can he catch the train he's been waiting for, bound for the next world or the next town.

Santo Loquasto's dances lack this work in the 1930s, and the score by renowned R&B master Alan Toussaint zests in on New Orleans. Tharp has always had a special affinity for jazz, and it's been a key element in developing her signature style. The seemingly easy virtuosity that lies on top of some feendishly difficult movement is a perfect match for Toussaint's rhythmic pulse. (His appearances during the first week of the program were an incredible bonus.)

As the father, James Moore has one of his best roles, bringing his technical skills to the service of the character. Price Suddarth plays his son,

tricking us into thinking he can't dance as well as the father, which makes his triumph extra-sweet. Carrie Imler and Liana Tisserand are the fractious women, partnered with Kevin Gaines and Jonathan Porretta—all four of them totally

audience mist up) "Mr. Bojangles." Les Petis Freres and the late Duo Madrona round out the cast, performing energetic tumbling and trapeze performances.

Despite its mainstream commercial appeal, *TZZ* has gratifyingly managed to retain some of the loose scruffiness—not in execution, but in attitude—of the alternative circus/burlesque world, the Moisture Festival and the like, that's burgeoned in Seattle in recent decades. You pay a lot more than you might for a show at Re-Bar or the Pink Door, but the whole in-the-moment experience still seems a bargain. You're not just buying dinner and a show, but a lavish evening-length party.

And as usual, the food never disappoints. The highlight of chef Erik D. Carlsson's menu was an immense slab of succulent halibut that I wanted to curl up and nap on. GAVIN BORCHERT

## The Matchmaker

**TAPROOT THEATRE, 204 N. 95TH ST., 781-9707. TAPROOTTHEATRE.ORG. 510-540. RUNS WED.-SAT. ENDS OCT. 19.**

Thornton Wilder's classic fable is a tortured piece of art. A 1954 variation on an oft-retold tale built around mistaken identities and general buffoonery, *The Matchmaker* has found timelessness through the playwright's valiant attempt to reach for something more elevated than basic ridicule. When a production of the play is intended, the play—later adapted as the Broadway musical and movie *Heidi*, Dolly!—manages to knit themes of love, mortality, class, and the dread of loneliness into delightful and thought-provoking theater. When it doesn't—well, you at least hope the buffoonery is good.

The great aims of the play, set in the 1880s, are embodied by widowed marriage broker Dolly Levi Gallagher (played boldly and joyfully by Pam Nolte). With a thick Irish brogue and twinkling eye, she encourages the ridiculous adventures of the tale's naive working-class adventurers to achieve her ultimate goal: marrying her client, the tight-fisted Yonkers half-millionaire widower Horace Vandergelder (Robert Gallaher). She's after his money, but Wilder has written her a higher purpose: "The always felt worth—pardon my expression—like to mature." Dolly says during her grand soliloquy: "It's not worth a thing unless it's spread about, encouraging young things to grow."

Dolly's deeply sad but life-affirming speech is impassioned and moving, and yet it seems to come out of nowhere. Wilder peppers his hit play with expertly crafted dialogue that makes us empathize with his characters' crushing loneliness or economic plight, but the cast generally fails to deliver on such moments; Wilder's subtle strokes are skipped over as setups for broad laughs.

Thankfully, those laughs land consistently. Directed by Scott Nolte, this production is buoyed by the manic energy generated by its two slapstick temes: Robert Hinds and Brad Walker as Vandergelder's bachelors Hedges, and Natalie Anne Moe and Asha Bhat as rain-hunting hatmakers. Hinds is impossibly likable as the rude Cornelius, at his best when he's turning a particular gonish phrase. As his counterpart Mrs. Malloy, Moe is a riot, playing her young-widow role with a big-bust abandon that hints at a deeper inner darkness. But in a play so obvious, hints are never enough. MARK BAUMGARTEN

## Secondhand Lions

**THE 8TH AVENUE THEATRE, 1208 FIRST AVE., 828-1900. 8THAVENUE.ORG. 529 AND UP. RUNS TUES.-SUN. ENDS OCT. 4.**

Given its stated mission to send a new musical to Broadway, *Secondhand Lions*, the 5th Avenue has scored one halfly-eye after another. With successful launches of *First Date*, *Memphis*, and *Catch Me If You Can*, later subject to a few tweaks and refinements, they've made it look easy—until now. Though its problems aren't unsurmountable, *Secondhand Lions* will require a substantial rethink.

Based on a 2003 movie in which lovable old Texas codgers Robert Duvall and Michael Caine schooled young Haley Joel Osmert (remember him?), this stage musical profits a stupefyingly talented cast and two or three killer showstoppers. What it doesn't have, and desperately needs, is focus, despite such a simple plot. Walter (the pitch-perfect Johnny Ray) is an 11-year-old nebbish sent by his philandering mother to spend what promises to be a miserable summer with uncles Garth and Hush (Broadway mainstays Greg Eldiman and Mark Jacoby). Walter discovers that his uncles are the stuff of legend—unless he's falling for their Texas-sized tall tales. There's a trunk of money hidden on the premises, the locals murmur. Is the ill-gotten gain Garth and Hush's secret stash, and the uncles really once have exotic adventures in the Foreign Legion? To illustrate these yarns, greatly expanded from the movie, playwright Rupert Holmes creates entire fantasy sequences featuring the swashbuckling young Garth and Hush. We see how, for example, they rescued a damsel (the voluptuous Jenny Powers) from the clutches of a dastardly sheik (Jason Danieley, who chews the scenery with Saturday-matinee-serious fervor).

Like *The Wizard of Oz* or *The Princess Bride*, *Secondhand Lions* is a tale of a story that's a story, bookended by a family legacy. It's a promising concept, maybe even a future classic with enough rewriting. But Holmes and director Scott Schwartz make a serious misstep in treating the show's action-filled center—the uncles' supposed A-list adventures—as cornball and camp. It's tantamount to like to mature. Christian Bale's Batman reflect on his crime-fighting career, then watching Adam West's TV Batman perform those escapades in flashback. In the second act, everything grinds to such a halt that even the present-day Texas characters call bullshit and break into the flashbacks to try to fix that wren.

If that weren't bad enough, the actual lion from the movie is gone and an extraneous new human introduced, the know-it-all girl Jane (Sophia Anne Carlos). Likely intended to increase the show's demographic appeal, this irritating character only adds to the gush of a story. Cast excluded, this *Secondhand Lions* is nowhere near ready for Broadway. Eugene Lee's main set—a makeshift barn wall that serves double duty as the backdrop for desert adventures—deserves a nod as a showstopper. *First Date* composers Alan Zachary and Michael Weiner's songs are safe and sensible, and a few boast memorable tunes you'll want to hear again and often. But until its creators take the whole story seriously—legends included—this lion will never roar. KEVIN PHIBBS

stage@seattleweekly.com 31





BY KELTON FERRIS

## Openings & Events

**JEAN ALBUS** Ineffable collects the Montana artist's unsettling photos. Opening reception: 6-9 p.m. Weds., 7-9 p.m. **COCA BELL GALLERY**, 6413 Seawall Ave. N.W., 728-1800, cocabell.com. Mon-Fri., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Through Oct. 23.

● **DAVE'S FREE FIRST FRIDAYS** Strapped for cash? Here's your chance to check out the 50-year retrospective honoring local ceramics artist Peter Warshaw, among other artists. Bellevue Arts Museum, 510 Bellevue Way N.E., 425-519-0770, belleuarts.org. Free, First Friday of every month, 11 a.m.-8 p.m.

● **BANKS OF AMERICA'S MUSEUMS ON US** Saturdays and Sunday, B of A and Merrill Lynch cardholders can gain free access to Northwest African American Museum, Seattle Art Museum, Tacoma Art Museum, and Wing Luke Museum. Oct. 5-6.

● **LAURIE LEE BROM, RANSON & MITCHELL, and SAIL** Three separate solo exhibitions of paintings, digital work, and drawings that all share a similar baroque, gothic undertone. First Thursday opening reception, 6-9 p.m. **Ros Le Sue**, 332 First Ave. S., 374-8871, rosle.com. Weds.-Sat., 12-5 p.m. Through Nov. 2.

● **BEN BUTLER** In Propagation, he constructs strange, organic sculptural forms out of wood that twist and spirals. First Thursday opening reception 6-8 p.m. **Davidson Galleries**, 313 Occidental Ave. S., 624-1224, davidsonart.com. Opens Oct. 3, Tues.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5:30 p.m. Through Nov. 2.

● **DEBORAH BUTTERFIELD** She will be presenting her life-sized sculptures of 17 Porters, constructed out of bronze casts of castoff skulls, branches, and other plant material. First Thursday opening reception, 6-8 p.m. **Greg Kucera Gallery**, 212 Third Ave. S., 624-9770, gregkucera.com. Opens Oct. 3, Tues.-Sat., 10:30 a.m.-6:30 p.m. Through Nov. 18.

● **ROBIN CROOKALL** SET THE AGENDA, PAGE 27. **DOMIE ART COLLECTIVE GRAND OPENING** The present a lecture on the work of gallery features work by Jose Lavely, Aaron Morgan, and Bob Antone. First Thursday opening reception 5 p.m. onward. **Currency Art Gallery**, 214 Poplar Ave. S., Seattle, facebook.com/Domiecollective. Opens Oct. 4, Fri., Sat., 5-9 p.m. Through Oct. 31.

● **PATRICE M. DONOHUE** Emanations showcases built surfaces of wax, paper, and clay that convey a sense of breaking through. First Thursday opening reception, 5-9 p.m. **SHI Collaborative Studio**, 912 S. Washington St. (Tashiro Kaplan Building), 547-1215, shistudio.org. Opens Oct. 4, Fri. & Sat., 12-5 p.m. Through Oct. 26.

● **JAN ERICKSON** Dark. There presents Erickson's new series of drawings exploring the idea of decomposition and loss. First Thursday opening reception, 5-8 p.m. **Punch Gallery**, 119 Performance Place S. (Tashiro Kaplan Building), 621-1945, punchgallery.com. Opens Oct. 3, 7-9 p.m. Through Nov. 2.

● **FREMENT ART WALK** Fremont's First Friday artwalk venues include Aventura, Fremont Brewing Co., 509 venues and Testing Room, Cafe Vita, and Fremont Abbey. See fremontartwalk.com for participating artists. First Friday of every month, 6-9 p.m.

● **SILVIAN QUES** He offers three large portraits of skulls, consisting of 30 layered sections each. First Thursday opening reception, 5 p.m. **Zeligart Art and Coffee**, 171 S. Jackson St., 525-0497, weignoffices.com. Opens Oct. 3, Mon.-Sun., 6 a.m.-7 p.m. Through Nov. 6.

● **DEREK GILLMAN** The Chinese-sculpture scholar will present a lecture on the life-sized ceramic sculptures discovered in excavations in Beijing in 1912. **Seattle Asian Art Museum**, 1400 E. Prospect St. (Volunteer Park), 654-3100, seattlemuseum.org. 6-8 p.m., Thu., Oct. 3, 7-9 p.m. Through Oct. 27.

● **TYSON GRUHM** The mythical animals and other figures collected in The Bear Side were inspired by his for Gary Larson's long-forming cartoon strip The Far Side. First Thursday opening reception, 6-8 p.m. **Patricia Rozek Gallery**, 1225 Second Ave., 222-0273, rozekgallery.com. Oct. 3, 11 a.m.-5 p.m.

● **GAVEL HANSEN** Hansen's rough-thewn paintings depict figures and cryptic-natured landscapes of an imagined Wild West. First Thursday opening reception, 6-8 p.m. **Linda Hodges Gallery**, 316 First Ave. S., 624-3034, lindahodgesgallery.com. Tues.-Sat., 10:30 a.m.-5 p.m. Through Nov. 30.

● **WILLIAM HERNANDEZ** In Migrales, the Parvian-born artist depicts his immigrant ancestors. First Thursday opening reception, 5-8 p.m. **ArtExchange**, 512 First Ave. S., 625-0377, artexchange.org. Tues.-Sat., 11 a.m.-5:30 p.m. Through Nov. 23.

**INNOVATION** This group show features artists from the 2012 Pichu Emerging Artists in Residence. **Jessie Blackmer**, **Lisa Bucknell**, **Clark DeCaprio**, **Elizabeth Fornuto**, **Anthony Sonnenberg**, and **Juliana Wisdom**. First Thursday opening reception, 5-8 p.m. **Method Gallery**, 186 Third Ave. S. (Tashiro Kaplan Building), methodgallery.com. Opens Oct. 4, Fri., Sat., 12-5 p.m. Through Nov. 9.

● **IZIE KLINGEL** In Playing Games, the British artist will be showing off her highly detailed and whimsical illustrations that have earned her clients in the Guardian, Absolut Vodka, and Vogue. Some new works will be applied directly to the gallery walls. First Thursday opening reception, 6-8 p.m. **M.I.A. Gallery**, 1205 Second Ave., 467-4927, m-i-a-gallery.com. Tues.-Sat., 11 a.m.-6 p.m. Through Nov. 2.

● **ARTHUR & MARILYNNE KROCKER** The Krockers, professors from the University of Victoria and experts in technology and contemporary culture, will be presenting new work in the store window exhibition space. **Noxious Sector Projects**, 312 S. Washington St. (Tashiro Kaplan Building), noxioussector.net/projects. Opens Oct. 3, Mon.-Sun. Through Oct. 30.

● **MOHAI FREE FIRST THURSDAYS** The museum is open late, and, in addition to its permanent collection (artifacts from our civic and maritime history), you can see John Grate's 65-foot-tall sculpture *Wabano and Celulenti* Session, created by SW film critic Robert Horton. Museum of History and Industry, 480 Terry Avenue N., 324-1126, mohai.org. Free, First Thursday of every month, 10 a.m.-8 p.m.

● **MARK CONNELL & RYAN FINNERTY** O'Connell presents work utilizing cut paper, acrylic, and wood. Finnerty shows large-scale portraits. First Thursday opening reception, 6-8 p.m. **Cora Gallery**, 117 Performance Place S. (Tashiro Kaplan Building), 467-4444, coragallery.org. Weds.-Sat., 12-4 p.m. Through Oct. 26.

● **RICK PHELPS** It's Only a Paper Ghost is a series of his highly varied paper-mache pieces that range from skulls to bouquets to turtles. First Thursday opening reception, 5-7 p.m. **Paper Hammer**, 1400 Second Ave., 682-3820, paper-hammer.com. Opens Oct. 7, Mon.-Sat., 11 a.m.-6 p.m. Through Nov. 2.

● **FAB RIDETI & GROSS EXHIBITION** Rideti's Perfect Families explores the concept of "family" through the lens of the seven deadly sins. In the back gallery, Descriptions explores the shifting notion of portraiture in today's world of social networking. First Thursday opening reception, 6-8 p.m. **Gallery 110**, 110 Third Ave. S. (Tashiro Kaplan Building), 624-3338, gallery110.com. Weds.-Sat., 12-5 p.m. Through Nov. 2.

● **SIGNS OF LIFE** A celebration of contemporary jewelry art including the work of nine metalsmiths. Opening reception: 5-7 p.m. **Weds**, Oct. 2, **Ficere Jewelry Art Gallery**, 1401 5th Ave., 624-6768, ficerejewelryart.com. Opens Oct. 7, Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Through Oct. 22.

● **DARA SOLIDAY & HOLLY MADAI** More Painting About Buildings and Cars is well...a bunch of paintings of buildings and cars. Take note, architecture and auto enthusiasts. First Thursday opening reception, 5-8 p.m. **Room 104**, 306 S. Washington St. (Tashiro Kaplan Building), 563-8104, room104gallery.com. Weds.-Sat., 10:30 a.m.-5 p.m. Through Nov. 2.

● **CAPPY THOMPSON** Walking Through Heaven is a new collection of the artist's painted glass vessels and ceramic sculpture. First Thursday opening reception, 5-8 p.m. **William Traver Gallery**, 110 Union St., 467-5501, travergallery.com. First Tuesday-Friday of every month, 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Through Nov. 3.

● **SIOLOTHOMPSON** The Seattle artist explores the evolving archetype of women in popular culture in *Eril* 11 landscape. Opening reception: 6-8 p.m. Sat., Oct. 5. **Art Gallery**, 307 E. Pike St., 427-2970, intartgallery.com. First Tuesday-Sunday of every month, 11 a.m.-7 p.m. Through Oct. 27.

● **JUNICHI TSUNEOKA** Dick Pockets collects the artist's intricate woodwork by figures of robots and futuristic beings. Opening reception: 6-8 p.m. Sat., Oct. 5, **K100 at Hips**, 604 S. Jackson St., 381-3000, kobosette.com. Opens Oct. 7, Mon.-Sun., 11 a.m.-6 p.m. Through Oct. 26.

● **WIZARD BUSINESS & IOLE ALESSANDRI** In their group show, *Demon Crawfish*, Elizabeth Blackmer and Justin Plakas present work exploring the relationship between mysticism, spirituality, and art. **Alessandri's Error 404: Site Not Found** features the unusual work of "Michangelino, Steve Job, and Walt Disney." First Thursday opening reception: 6-8 p.m. **Soll Gallery**, 1111 Third Ave. S. (Tashiro Kaplan Building), 424-4861, sollart.org. Opens Oct. 3, Thurs.-Sat., 12-5 p.m. Through Nov. 2.

● **THOMAS WOOD** Northwest Land, Sea, and Sky—is surprised—a collection of Northwest landscape paintings. First Thursday opening reception, 6-8 p.m. **Lise Harris Gallery**, 1922 Pike Pl., 443-3315, liseharrisgallery.com. Opens Oct. 7, Mon.-Sun., 10:30 a.m.-5 p.m. Through Nov. 4.

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Admission to these events is subject to change. Shows, dates, schedules, and prices are subject to change.

# Opening This Week

## Bad Milo!

RUNS FRI., OCT. 4, THURS., OCT. 10 AT SIFF CINEMA UPTOWN. RATED R. 95 MINUTES.

There are places even the celebrated body-horror filmmaker David Cronenberg wouldn't go. Places—you might say—where the sun don't shine. Such a place is explored in *Bad Milo!*, an energetic exercise in creature taste that locates the source of its protagonist's problems in the lower gastrointestinal tract. Ken (Ken Marino) carries a lot of stress inside him: His job as a number-cruncher is poisoned by a corrupt boss (Patrick Warburton); his wife (Gillian Jacobs) wants a child; and his father (Stephen Root) won't speak to him. Ken's mother (Mary Kay Place) has taken up with a much younger man (Kumail Nanjiani), and they suspect Ken's physical ailments are a sign of erectile dysfunction.

If only. No, the source of Ken's chronic stomach pain is the big-eyed, sharp-toothed demon living inside his colon. The besaic, named Milo, has the ability to leap out and slaughter Ken's enemies. As if that weren't bad enough, Milo has the ability to slip back inside his host after running his errands, which somehow seems much, much worse. Director Jacob Vaughan includes just enough social context to prove he knows what he's doing: in a world of cold corporate behavior and personal estrangement, why wouldn't the demons inside begin to run amok? And thanks to explanations from Ken's therapist, played by *Fargo*'s Peter Sarsgaard and his wig, we're left with no doubt that Milo exists to eat Ken's repressed wishes and represent the undigested compromises of existence.

If it is not already evident, we should note that *Bad Milo!* is absolutely a comedy. The non sequitur comes in a steady stream, and the actor—as the end-credits blopper reel confirms—have been encouraged to improvise their way through individual scenes. (Toby Huss, as the doctor who informs Ken that he appears to have a "trouser in your poop," is especially incorrigible; he could easily merit his own DVD extra feature.) The cast is expert, led by the big-brooked, straight-faced Marino, a veteran of *The State* and its comic spinoffs. Still, there is no skipping on horror-gore movie, which makes the movie difficult to peg. It's funny, it's gross, and it has a few serious turns on its mind. Is it and it was David Cronenberg is thanked in the end credits? ROBERT HORTON

## Gravity

OPENS FRI., OCT. 4 AT CINERAMA AND OTHER THEATERS. RATED PG-13. 91 MINUTES.

Why are they even offering this movie in non-3-D format? With George Clooney and Sandra Bullock stranded in orbit, menaced by regular bombardments of space debris? With the oxygen running out and no prospect of rescue from Earth? Of course you should spend the extra money on 3-D. That's not even a decision. You should see it on the biggest possible screen. You should see it at the early shows on Thursday night. Then you should go back and see it again with friends who weren't savvy enough to preorder Thursday tickets online. It's that kind of movie.



Jacobs and Marino face gastrointestinal issues.

Back on Earth, Dr. Stone (Bullock) is just the sort of Type A high-achiever who would make her online movie reservations early. Absent a family, she's entirely devoted to her work, which involves some sort of experiment on the Hubble Space Telescope. We begin the movie outside that orbiting platform, as she and veteran astronaut Kowalski (Clooney) are performing routine repairs. She's tethered to a giant arm. He's cooing about it with a jet pack—"of course Clooney gets the jet pack"—and listening to country music. Kowalski's cool, experienced, about to retire; Stone's eager newbie, trying to prove she's got the right stuff. She has her chance, and then, in the astonishing 12-minute opening sequence, seemingly rendered via CGI by director Alfonso Cuarón (*Children of Men*, *Y Tu Mamá Tambien*).

Because there's no sound in space (i.e., no atmosphere to relay that sound), Stone's panicked breathing and frantic radio calls provide the human pulse to the terrifying scene, as bullet-speed space garbage cascades upon the shuttle and its fragile crew. (Like slime from the past, decomposing old Cold War satellites have caused no orbital trash fustilade.) The camera occupies the fixing position. There is no up or down in the frame as it pushes and swoops among the wreckage and floating astronaut. Scant warning of the disaster comes from ground control in Houston, voiced by Ed Harris, a nice little nod to *Apollo 13*. With so many satellites down, quips Kowalski, "Half of North America just lost their Facebook."

Spinning into the void, Stone can't get her bearings, and the rest of the film consists of her navigating from one problem to the next. If the shuttle is disabled, let's get to the International

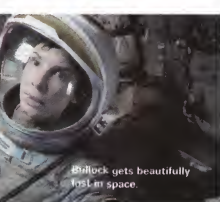
Space Station. If no one's home there, let's try the Chinese station next door. For all its technical marvels and breathtaking panoramas reflected in Stone's view, *Gravity* is a very compact and tale-oriented picture. It's both space-age and hugely traditional, though with a modern, self-aware heroine who inevitably begins talking to herself—"You gotta be kidding me!"—to fight the loneliness and complain of each new setback. From speeding bus to orbiting space capsule, Bullock is again the everywoman confronted with hairy technology. And her character's exasperated vulnerability makes for an interesting contrast to stoic, shipwrecked Robert Redford in *All Is Lost*, due October 25.

As Stone retreats through airlock and bulkhead to find safety, grabbing at latches and lifelines dangling in her 3-D POV, each narrow escape recalls D.W. Griffith and the silent era. She has a bit of a personal history to share with Kowalski, but otherwise she's living (barely) in the moment of pure present peril. If one thing isn't trying to kill her, another thing is. In a maelstrom of forward-thrusting film that doesn't need much dialogue or interjection, Stone scores her biggest laugh with an exasperated aside: "I hate space." Thanks to Cuarón, we know just the feeling. BRIAN MILLER

## Herb & Dorothy 50 x 50

RUNS FRI., OCT. 4, THURS., OCT. 10 AT NORTHWEST FILM FORUM. NOT RATED. 87 MINUTES.

Dorothy and Herbert Vogel were the subjects of a prior doc by Megumi Sasaki, which played NFFF in 2009, of the year after Seattle Art Museum was announced a beneficiary of their



Bullock gets beautifully lost in space.

50 Works for 50 States bequest. Those donated works went on view at SAM this past March, and the exhibit runs through October 27. If you saw the first film, this one doesn't add much. If you've been to the museum or are planning a visit, it's well worth seeing.

In brief, the Vogels were humble young collectors in the early '60s whose buying criteria were essentially small, affordable, and minimalist. (They had no kids and enjoyed a rent-controlled Manhattan home.) Three decades later, they promised the National Gallery their 5,000 acquisitions, all kept in their one-bedroom apartment (!) more than the Washington, D.C., institution could possibly store or exhibit. Thus the 50

to 50 program, which would send 2,500 works to museums in all the states. (We got works by Stephen Antonakos, Sol LeWitt, Terry Winters, Cheryl Laimé, Robert Mangold, and others.) In declining health (particularly Herby), the Vogels clearly trust Sasaki, who trails them to museum openings and receptions in New Jersey, Hawaii, Nevada, and even North Dakota. It's a celebratory tour where they're treated like rock stars, and this modest, middle-class couple clearly relishes the attention. (Herb plays the cartoonist, but he's a few feet taller than Sasaki.) During the recession, one museum director explains, they can't afford to make acquisitions, so the Vogels' gift is all the more striking. Artists they supported are interviewed (some resist the collection's dispersal), and this also makes for a retrospective tribute of praise for and demand by the Vogels. You might not share their taste or like everything now hanging at SAM, but it's impossible not to admire their generosity. BRIAN MILLER

## Parkland

OPENS FRI., OCT. 4 AT PACIFIC PLACE AND SUNDANCE CINEMAS. RATED PG-13. 93 MINUTES.

The only interesting thing about *Parkland* is that it exists. And it exists because of our collective unwillingness to let go of what happened on November 22, 1963, the day a young prince, died, and a still-unresolved mystery began. Culled from Vincent Bugliosi's 2003 book *Four Days in November*, the movie presents narrow-gauge vignettes, acted out by supporting players in Dallas during the tragedy. Supporting players, not peripheral. The movie is a gripping sequence of film unfolks at Parkland Hospital, where an unsuspecting overtime ER crew deals with the arrival of a U.S. president with a severe head wound. Marcia Gay Harden contributes her granite professionalism as the nurse on duty; although here, as in other projects, the cast tends toward the TV-guest-star variety, with Zac Efron and Colin Hanks also pulling duty. (Hanks' dad, Tom, produced the film.)

There's a very dull storyline about Lee Harvey Oswald's brother Robert (James Badge Dale), delivered only by the banter of Oswald's mother (Jacki Weaver, in her *Animal Kingdom* monster mode). The movie takes no position on Oswald's guilt or any conspiracy theories surrounding the Kennedy assassination, because it keeps its gaze at ground level. The director, longtime investigative reporter Paul Landman, seeks to show things "as they happened" and forgo commentary. So take that, Oliver Stone.

An entire feature could be made from the story of Abraham Zapruder, whose name became a household word after he clocked the presidential motorcade with his 8 mm cam-



ers. In *Parkland*, Zapuder's story repeats a single note—anguish—as it tracks the sudden attention he gets from a Secret Service agent (Billy Bob Thornton, a good turn) and a *Life* magazine representative. As Zapuder, Paul Giamatti does his expected fine work, but he's got nowhere to go either. Everybody keeps watching the Zapuder film, reacting in horror, and not finding an answer. Watching *Parkland*, you may feel the same way. The whole movie is like adding more frames to an already endless film loop—as if by sifting through these remnants we'd settle something.

When Woody Allen's character in *Annie Hall* realized his obsession with the JFK case was just a way of avoiding intimacy with his wife, it was a clever passing joke. Now it looks like an accurate diagnosis of the national sickness, our inability to live with the idea that we might never know what happened—or that the likeliest explanation is insufficiently grand to fit such a history-altering event. *Parkland* is a particularly feeble drop in the bucket. ROBERT HORTON

#### The Summit OPENS FILM, OCT. 4 AT HARVARD EXIT. RATED R. 99 MINUTES.

Only a few Seattle climbers have seen the top of K2, Everest's less-traveled little brother in Pakistan, which has a staggering 1:4 ratio of deaths to summit successes. In 2006, as was widely reported, 11 mountaineers perished in a cascade of bad judgment and warm-weather-caused icefall on the 8,000-meter peak. (Global warming? Maybe.) Nick Ryan's documentary uses reenactments, fresh interviews, and some original footage to chronicle that calamity, with emphasis on Irish alpinist Gerard McDonnell, his countryman, who was making his second attempt on K2.

This storytelling here isn't *Into Thin Air*, and the conflicting testimony among several nationalities and rival expeditions is not a model of clarity. It's like *Raiders* in the Death Zone. None of those oxygen-starved brains are ever going to agree on a sequence of events. It's like asking drunks about a bender

Thornton and other pros can't help the *Parkland* cause.



ANTHONY MONTANO

five years after the fact. After fixed lines are severed by a massive icefall that strands McDonnell and others on the deadly descent, there is no central, reliable Krakauer figure on the mountain. (Books have since been written, and the Internet was abuzz with reports even before the body count was known.)

As a result, sober analysis of the incident gives way to weepy testimonials—padded with the story of Italy's first ascent of K2 in '54—in an avalanche of sentiment. Whenever possible, Ryan opts for tears and conjecture instead of facts. His intent, it emerges, is to make McDonnell the hero, an Italian alpinist the head, and the South Koreans the clowns who got in everyone's way. But really, as with most big mountaineering disasters, the weather and overcrowding are to blame. As all the teams swarmed the same bottleneck, a Dutch climber recalls, "Everyone wants to use this window," meaning the clear skies overhead. But the fixed lines weren't ready because the different teams hadn't cooperated, and McDonnell sensibly asks "Aren't we too late?" about the slow progress beneath huge overhanging seracs. (Those, viewed in real photos and video, are terrifying—like office towers made of ice, gradually coming unfrozen from the mountain.)

As on Everest in '96, climbers were suckered by the weather. All their costly preparations couldn't match their harsh, lofty objective, notes the late, legendary Walter Bonatti: "Only the mountain attains perfection." BRIAN MILLER

film@seattleweekly.com



One of the documentary's reenactors, with the camera rig visible.

MARCO LOVATI

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